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Northern Messenger

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A Slave Market in Morocco.

The few independent Mohammedan nations in Africa, of which Morocco is the principal, are all slave-holders, and the stories we occasionally read of slave-raiding expeditions in that continent are chiefly conducted to supply the slave markets of those states. The slaves are mostly women and children. Our picture of a slave market in Morocco represents two dealers inviting purchasers to buy their slaves. We should pray God may soon cause slavery to cease in all countries, as it has done in the British Empire and the United States.

Only a Word.

It was only a word, spoken gently in praise,
At the close of a weary day;
But it set an aching heart at rest,
And drove its care away.

It was only a look of sharp reproof,
At an effort made in vain;
But it crowded an overburdened heart
With bitterness and pain.

The words we speak, the looks we cast,
May bless or mar a life;
May fill it full of tenderness,
Or cause unlovely strife.

Then may our actions all be true;
Our words whole-hearted, kind,
That when we die, our lives may shed
Sweet memories behind.

—'Christian Globe.'

The Want of Moral Courage.

Moral courage has four degrees, and not to be afraid of your opponents is the first. This is really no great attainment, for he does not deserve the name of man who can be brow-beaten by scolding and threatening. Insolence of this sort is not unwelcome, for it stiffens resolution and rouses pride, and delivers one from the snare of compromise, and sets one with his back to the wall. If one is to be tried, let him pray for an unscrupulous and venomous antagonist.

It is a higher degree of courage not to fear your friends. Hundreds who are as strong as a rock to resist those who hate them are as weak as water in the hands of those who love them. Oh, the sorrow of it, that we should be tempted to do something less than what is right by those whom we trust, and hindered from doing the highest thing we know by those who love us most! Many a woman shrinks from duty for fear of her husband—the amazement on his face; many a husband falls beneath himself for fear of his wife—the amazement on her face. So they who have stolen our hearts sometimes also steal our courage.

He is braver still who does not fear the cross of Christ; who has no secret clauses in his treaty with Christ about truth or duty; who puts no personal inclinations, no family ties, no class customs, no business profit, above Christ; who will follow anywhere when Christ leads, and do anything that Christ commands.

But the highest courage of all is not to be afraid about one's self. Is there any more admirable instance of manliness than St. Augustine, searching out the mistakes in his writings, and recanting them before he died? for there is nothing we are more unwilling to do than to confess that we were wrong. When any one is brave enough to unsay the worse for the better, then surely he is a true man, and will stand fast for righteousness.

Certain people have special need of moral courage, and one is a young man in the city. His safest plan is to bid good-bye to compromise, and not to burden himself with an excess of courtesy in the hour of temptation. A tempter is most quickly daunted when he is most roughly handled. Have nothing to do, under any excuse, with drinking men; allow no fool to blaspheme religion in your hearing; come down upon the beast who tells an evil story; cast your shield over the weak comrade who is ready to fall. There are times when a hot temper and a sharp tongue are good servants to the kingdom of God, and when war to the death is the wisest policy.

The second person is a woman in society, for women are apt sometimes to be sad cowards. They are afraid to dress as their best friends would like to see them, because it would be unfashionable; afraid to give simple dinners, because their neighbors are extravagant; afraid to allow their daughters to work for themselves, because it might lower their station; afraid to give a children's party without wine, because they might be thought stingy; afraid to have their poor relations in the house, because of the servants; afraid to be economical, because of the same critics. They are in bondage to all kinds of

people, from their rich neighbor to their housemaid. One wonders that some woman does not pluck up courage and say, 'I don't care what people may think; I am going to do what I judge to be right.' If she only dared, that woman would find a dozen in her circle to follow in her steps, and her courage would reinforce the moral capital of a district.—Ian Maclaren, in the 'Christian Globe.'

God With You.

But O, that vision! How we seem to ourselves as we hear the seraphim crying, Holy! Then, how we cry, 'Unclean! Undone.' Then, how we hear God's voice, Whom we have been wanting to hear, and God's cry for some one to send. Then, how we surrender, and beg Him to send us. Everything is changed. That boy and that girl that have been so perplexing and so unpromising have a glory about them that makes you praise God. That man and woman who have been nothing but discouragements, bugbears, if you choose, will be drawing powers into a fuller vision, and you will love them. The truth is, God wraps up everything in Himself, and we see the smoke filling the earth—the mist of Himself. Though we have cried to see His face and hear His voice, when we realize His Presence, we know we are unworthy to touch the hem of His garment—the skirts which fill the temple.

Always have a sense of His Presence. Whatever happens see God in it. Always set God before you and set God always before you. When you lose that sense that He is with you, immediately re-collect the Presence. At the first there will be the demand of taking care. No act of your life will meet with greater opposition. All the powers of evil will awaken in their efforts to prevent a moment being spent in the full realization of God's Presence with you, for nothing so completely vanquishes sin, and sin's power, as the vision of God with you.

I ask but five minutes of each day (the beginning of the day is by all odds the best) to be set aside for Practicing the Presence of God, to prove these truths.

Sit still for the moment, in perfect surrender to God, or in perfect willingness to be surrendered. Yield by an act of your will to Him, and give Him time to teach you His gracious Presence. Spend some time each day, ofttimes each day, in this practising, to sit still before God. It may be but a moment, but give that. It may be as a thousand years to God in His working. When you lose this sense of His Presence at any time—when beginning in your still moments, or in the rush of life, simply remind yourself that God is with you, and leave the rest to God.—'Observer.'

Religious Notes.

Among those whose names have been inseparably associated with the evangelization of the region round about Mount Lebanon, one of the most prominent is Miss Louisa Proctor, whose death is announced with sorrow.

When travelling through the land in 1879, Miss Proctor's heart was much touched; she went home with a lively interest in the Syrian race, especially in the Druses, a people singularly in need of the Gospel light.

The needy condition of this ancient body of people living in a kind of spiritual twilight appeared to the Irish woman visitor; and after seeking Divine guidance, she joined Mrs. Mentor Mott, and assisted her in her work, as one of the founders of the British Syrian Mission. She then passed on to help Miss Hicks, of the Female Education Society, at Shemlau, and afterward joined Miss Taylor in her valuable school work for Druse and Moslem girls in Beirut. In this way she became acquainted with the methods adopted by the three societies, which she afterward found of great use in the service to which God had called her. Six years later, having received an earnest petition from the people of Schwifat, she opened a boarding-school for girls, with fifteen pupils. When in England, Miss Proctor had previously sought the advice and sympathy of the late Mr. George Muller, of Bristol, and he suggested the desirability of praying for something definite. He thought her great need was for a native gentleman to assist in building up a solid and lasting work among the young people. For this they prayed together, and God raised up Mr. Tanius Saad, who has been a most faithful and zealous co-worker with Miss Proctor for over twenty years.

In 1888, an extension was made by the addition of a boarding-school for boys, commencing with 11 boarders; the number has now risen to 70, and there are 33 day-scholars besides. This branch of the work is carried on in a large and solid building completed in 1896. Over 1,200 boys and girls—children of Druse, Moslem, Greek, and Catholic parents—have been brought under Christian influence, and at the present moment there are 183 scholars in attendance, 114 of them being boarders. There are branches of the Y. W. C. A., the Christian Endeavor, and many other agencies established in connection with the work. Miss Tindall and Miss Stephenson, two Englishwomen, have just lately been a great comfort and support to Miss Proctor, and no fewer than 12 native teachers and 3 Bible-women have been assisting her and Mr. Saad in their educational and missionary work. In many parts of Syria, Palestine, and Egypt, scholars are now occupying positions of usefulness in many towns and villages where their bearing and testimony exercise a spiritual influence.—'The Christian.'

Mountain Tops.

Why dwell in the fetid valley
Where poisonous odors lurk,
And with such restricted visions
Of the Father's handiwork?
Go up to the mountain summits
Where the view is grand and fair,
Away from the heated lowlands,
And breathe the pure bracing air.

The clouds hang over the valley
And your spirit is depressed,
Faith gives to you wings, beloved,
Soar up where the eagles nest.
There you see the silver lining
Of the clouds that seem so grim,
When the golden light of the heavens
Their sombreness cannot dim.

Go up, for why will you tarry
In this humid, straitened place?
Go up where the vision broadens
In the wondrous realms of grace;
Then look you northward and southward,
Look off toward the east and west!
God says, 'To thee will I give it,'—
Then why not dwell in the best?

The valleys are always crowded,
And we are jostled about;
These low plains teem with hard questions
For the atmosphere is doubt.
Go up where the truth is beaming
With abounding life and light—
Why stumble on in the valley?
All's clear on the mountain height.

—Selected.

Holding or Held.

A young father sat reading the paper, with his legs crossed and one foot swinging slightly backward and forward. Master Three-year-old thought it was a good chance to set out for Banbury Cross, so he mounted upon his father's instep and started off at a merry pace. But, alas! he had hardly turned the corner of the lane and cantered out upon the broad turnpike, when down he came with a bump, on his forehead, but not a whit discouraged, he mounted again and was off. In a moment, however, he took another tumble, and got another bump. Again he tried it, with the same success.

Then he sat down to reflect. In a moment he was up again with beaming face, and going up his fiery steed, he placed one little fist in his father's broad palm, and closing the fingers over it with his other hand, cried out, 'You hold me, father,' and then, when he felt the firm pressure upon his little wrist, leaped upon his horse and rode off in safety.

How soon the child learned the lesson which is so hard for us grown-up children to learn! We try to hold on, ourselves, and come to grief. Yet it is so easy to lay our lives in the Father's hand, and, when we feel the answering warmth and pressure, go out with perfect faith upon our journey.—'Forward.'

The Victorian India Orphan Society.

[For the 'Northern Messenger.']

As the work of this Society may not be well understood by many readers of the 'Northern Messenger,' a brief summary is herewith given. It was organized in 1897 during the first of the recent terrible famines in India, when the intense sufferings of many millions of our fellow subjects, aroused our deepest pity and practical sympathy, one outcome of which was the formation of this Society in Winnipeg. The only purely Canadian Missionary work carried on in India is in that part known as Central India, where one of the native Princes, the Maharajah of Dhar, greatly impressed by what he had seen of Christianity, generously offered ten acres of valuable land for the Orphanage work, which was gladly accepted; a very simple native building was put up, into which thirty-two children in varying stages of starvation were received. The second famine of wider extent and greater severity occasioned still greater suffering than the previous one, and happily we were able to succour a much larger number of helpless, starving children, than before. About this time the State providentially required the land previously given for the Orphanage, and offered in exchange an equally valuable, and more convenient site, with such ample compensation that sufficient funds were provided for the erection of a good building containing largely increased accommodation, sufficient for one hundred children, and later, when more room was required, a good school building was erected. In India two meals a day are sufficient, and chappaties (cakes made of coarse grain and water) are the children's principle article of diet. The girls do all the work of the Orphanage, and the youngest children are 'mothered' by the older ones. They also make their own clothes, and some do fancy work, which commands a ready sale. The boys are taught farming, gardening, tailoring, carpentering. This latter work has been carried on under great difficulties, suitable accommodation being almost entirely lacking. This we are endeavoring to remedy by doing our best to raise a special Industrial Fund to build and equip suitable workshops. So far $749.15 has been subscribed for this special purpose, but as from $2,500 to $3,000 will be required, further contributions from all interested in the progress of Christianity in India are earnestly solicited. Educationally the children are making good progress, evidenced by their success in examinations, and in Biblical knowledge, they were ahead of all competitors, the examiner stated recently. Loving Christian care has won their young hearts and led a large number of them to become consistent Christians. Besides maintaining the Orphanage the Society also supports three native Evangelists, and last year, including $345 for the special Industrial Fund, provided $2,196.33 for the work. The membership fee is $1.00 a year, and for an additional $17.00 a year members can have the privilege of maintaining an orphan. Further particulars can be obtained from the Sec.-Treasurer, Mrs. A. S. Crichton, 142 Langside St., Winnipeg, to whom all contributions should be sent.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the maintenance of the launch: Friends, Montreal	$ 1.00
Received for the cots: Helping Hand Mission Band, Advocate, N.S., $14.70; James Bell, Verdun, $1.00; Total	$ 15.70
Previously acknowledged for the launch	$476.39
Previously acknowledged for the cots	70.85
Previously acknowledged for the komatik	55.60
Total received up to June 25.. ..	$619.54

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, indicating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, JULY 21, 1907.

The Ten Commandments—Duties Toward Men.

Exodus xx., 12-17. Memory verse, 12-17. Read Ex. xx., xxiv.

Golden Text.

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.—Lev. xix., 18.

Home Readings

Monday, July 15.—Ex. xx., 12-23.
Tuesday, July 16.—Deut. v., 16-33.
Wednesday, July 17.—Matt. v., 17-26, 33-42.
Thursday, July 18.—Eph. vi., 1-18.
Friday, July 19.—Ps. cxix., 33-48.
Saturday, July 20.—Ps. cxix., 97-112.
Sunday, July 21.—Ex. xxiv., 1-18.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Who can remember some of the commandments we learned last Sunday? There was that one about worshipping God only, then about not making an idol to take the place of God, then about remembering God's name always with respect, and lastly we studied about how we should keep the Sabbath, God's day of rest for us, when we should more particularly think of and worship God. These were our duties to God, but they would not be sufficient, indeed, we could not really keep them unless we remember that we have other duties also. Would God be pleased to have us shut ourselves up away from other people, and spend our whole time trying just to keep these first commandments? No. He has placed us in a world among other people, and wants us to live there, and be his true followers all the same, so he gave us a set of rules or helps, to guide us in our dealings with other people.

Recall to the children the time and place, and the people to whom God was speaking first of all in these commandments. Teach them as Christ did in the sermon on the Mount, that it is not only the actual deed that God considers, but the thought that lies in the heart. We may not actually do such wicked things as killing, stealing, or lying as we think of them, but many a clenched fist, and tight set little mouth, yes even the angry words themselves, have said, 'I wish you were dead! I hate you!' and Christ says that such black feelings of hate are like killing; and, indeed, if they are not torn up by the roots when they grow in little hearts they will go on getting bigger and bigger, till they choke and kill the good thoughts in the grown up hearts. The poison ivy is just as much poison ivy when it pokes its first little leaves above ground, as when it grows far and wide, and so is this sin just as much this sin when it first is allowed to grow, as when it gets strong enough to kill another person. It is the same with the other sins God forbids.

FOR THE SENIORS.

There is little in this lesson that can make it other than a straight talk between the teacher and his scholars. The commandments apply just as much to the world to-day as they ever did. Society can never outgrow them. The people to whom they were first addressed may have seen in them a greater novelty than we see, as they had been a nation of slaves. It has always been true that a slave makes the hardest tyrant. He has been brought up in the law of might is right, and obtaining power exercises the only right he has learnt. God would save his people from this at the outset. They had been accustomed to see human life taken with the utmost callousness, they must have suffered from all the vices consequent on slavery, and doubtless had often yielded to the temptation to curry favor with their masters by making false statements. God would uproot these evils at once. Yet have these commands no less an application to us in spite of the fact that we feel sure our acts will never lead to murder or what the world calls theft. God does not say, 'Thou shalt not steal anything of great value'; it is simply, 'Thou shalt not steal.' The boy who looks out of the window in assumed carelessness when the conductor makes his round of the street car, to avoid the payment of his fare, is a thief, only with this difference, that he has sold his honesty for a few paltry cents instead of a large amount. By-and-bye, if he follows the road on which he has entered, he will get the courage to make the larger plunge. After all the specific warnings against the actual sins, God, unless they should find anywhere a loophole of escape into sin, includes the very thoughts of wrong desire, the small springs of these wrongs, all in the wide-reaching power of the last commandments.

SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.'

It is a remarkable fact that China, whose government has been longer established than any other now existing, is founded on the basis of this commandment. 'Filial piety,' says Professor Douglas, 'is the leading principle in Chinese ethics. It is the point upon which every teacher from Confucius downwards, has most strongly insisted, and its almost universal practice affords grounds for the belief held by some that in the long continuance of the empire the Chinese are reaping the reward held out in the fifth commandment of the Mosaic Decalogue.' But the trouble with China is that it recognizes only one commandment in the Decalogue, and misses the gain of keeping other commandments.—H. Clay Trumbull, in 'Studies in Oriental Social Life.'

'You need not break the glasses of a telescope, or coat them over with paint in order to prevent you from seeing through them,' says Henry Ward Beecher. 'Just breathe upon them, and the dew of your breath will shut out all the stars. So it does not require great crimes to hide the light of God's countenance. Little faults can do it just as well. Take a shield and cast a spear upon it, and it will leave in it one great dent. Prick it all over with a million little needle shafts, and they will take the polish from it far more than the piercing of the spear. So it is not so much the great sins which take the freshness from our consciences, as the numberless petty faults which we are all the time committing.'

Boys flying kites haul in their white winged birds,
But you can't do that when you're flying words,
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes drop back dead,
But God Himself can't kill them when they're said.—Carleton.

Remember that charity thinketh no evil, much less repeats it. There are two good rules which ought to be written on every heart; never believe anything bad about anybody unless you positively know it is true, never tell even that unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary, and that God is listening while you tell it.—Henry van Dyke.

When you hear an ill report about any one, halve and quarter it, and then say nothing about the rest.—Spurgeon.

FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.'

'Individually even, the boy who loves and honors his parents will, as a rule, be more prosperous, be in all respects more happy, be more blessed than the bad son. A distinguished officer in the army told me that his experience in a long life had been exactly the same as that of an old admiral, who said that of all the midshipmen who had passed under his rule he had never known one fail to turn out well who wrote weekly his loving letters to his home. But the main intention of the promise was national, and all history has confirmed its national fulfilment. "The cornerstone of the commonwealth," it has been said, "is the hearthstone." Why was one Spartan worth ten other Greeks in a battle? It was because Spartan boys were trained in parental obedience.'—F. W. Farrar.

'It is not only against the sneaking or the murderous thief, but against all who plunder others, even by means ostensibly legal; it is against all usurers, cheats, extortioners, foul dealers in bargains and contracts; it is against all who by their deceits, chicaneries, and swindlings sin against the rights of their neighbors, that the eighth commandment is directed. "Will a man rob God? yet ye rob me. But we say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed with the curse, for ye rob me, even the whole nation." So writes the last of the Old Testament prophets.'—Farrar.

'Show me a people where trade is dishonest; and I will show you a people where religion is a sham.'—Froude, 'Short Studies, i., 123.'

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Matt. v., 19; Rom. xiii., 10; Prov. xix., 5; Jas. iv., 11; Eph., iv., 28; Psa. cxli., 3; Luke xii., 15; Gen. ix., 6.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, July 21.—Topic—Present day applications of the last six Commandments. Ex. xx., 12-17.

Junior C. E. Topic.

CALLED OF GOD.

Monday, July 15.—Jeremiah's call. Jer. i., 1-3.

Tuesday, July 16.—His commission. Jer. vii., 1-7.

Wednesday, July 17.—How he was received. Jer. xx., 8-13.

Thursday, July 18.—Our holy calling. II. Tim. i., 9.

Friday, July 19.—Called to fellowship. I. Cor. i., 9.

Saturday, July 20.—Called to be saints. I. Cor., i., 2.

Sunday, July 21.—Topic—God's call to Jeremiah, and to us. Jer. i., 6-10.

BOYS!
A FREE GIFT.

A Jack Knife. A Fountain Pen. A Watch and Chain. A Camera.

Boys at summer resorts and elsewhere may have gifts for themselves and their sisters without giving a cent of their money for them.

This is our plan. People have a good deal of time at the summer resorts for reading and looking at picture papers. The 'Canadian Pictorial' is the best printed paper in Canada. It sells at ten cents a copy. It sells at sight. Send for a dozen to start your sales on. We trust you. If you sell NINE you secure a fine Roger's Jack-Knife; just what you want every day of every week during your holidays; sell FOURTEEN, you get a Fountain Pen, a really first-class article, while if you sell TWENTY we give you an up-to-date Nickel Watch, stem-wind, stem-set, and guaranteed.

During July and August we throw in a neat Chain to match, as an extra with every Watch.

As this offer is away below any we have made a word to the wise should be sufficient.

We have fifty 'Brownie' Cameras—mostly the one dollar size, but some of the larger ones also. The first fifty boys that apply for them will, of course, have first chance. Wouldn't it be fine to win your Camera free in this way, and then compete for that Sovereign Prize offered for the most interesting photograph? (See advertisement elsewhere in this paper.) Contest does not close till Aug. 1, and your little 'Brownie' might take a snapshot that would eclipse in genuine interest the work of older and more experienced photographers.

Sell only EIGHTEEN 'Pictorials' at 10c and you secure the small size 'Brownie,' or sell THIRTY-SIX and you get the Two Dollar size. This is a rare chance—seize it. You can get extra films as you want them on the same basis.

But the main thing is to RUSH IN YOUR ORDER AT ONCE (a postcard will do), so as to get a dozen of the July number to sell at the earliest possible moment. Then remit the $1.20 for those, and get the next lot. When fully paid for we send premium promptly. Try this plan and you will be delighted.

Address, JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(Continued.)

The wine was of the best. Mr. Norwood Hayes took care of that. Some Temperance reformers tell us that most of the evils of drink arise from the doctored stuff supplied to the drinker instead of the genuine article. It may be so, but I confess that I cannot see much to choose between a pure poison and a doctored one; and I cannot but think that this kind of argument is only a sort of red herring drawn across the path of total abolition. It is poison in either case, and anyhow the effect on poor Tom Smart was just as great as if the wine had never known the juice of grapes.

Tom Smart's brain was on fire, and his conscience too: between the two their owner was buffeted about without consciousness of time or place. For some hours he must have kept up the pace at which he sped from the chapel door; running wildly, wandering aimlessly, a piece of muscular machinery, impelled by some foreign and masterful force, and subject neither to regulator nor balance-wheel.

When he came to himself, or at least sufficiently so to understand his surroundings, the sun was setting, and he, hatless and covered with mud, for there had been a sharp thunderstorm in the course of the afternoon, was lying spent and listless on the grass at the side of a road—what road it was he did not know. It was but slowly that memory brought home to him a dim consciousness of what had happened. He lay thinking it out, struggling in a dazed wonder. Then he remembered the happy calm, the holy joy of that first public confession of his new Master and Lord, the smell of wine, that awful craving which no one who has not felt it can even begin to realize, the spasmodic gulp as the trembling hands held to his lips the flowing bowl, the wine-cup of the Sacrament of Christ.

There broke in upon him at that instant a thought that gripped him like a horror. To his bitter remorse, this greater bitterness was added—an inarticulate fear that he had committed the unpardonable sin, the sin against the Holy Ghost for which there is no remission! His brain began to whirl—surely he was going mad. With a shiver, produced as much by the chill of the evening as by the thought that scared him, he sprang hurriedly to his feet, too powerless under the pressure of that dread load either to sigh or cry, or utter even one protesting groan.

He stood aimless, uncertain, lost. He must go somewhere, anywhere, if only to escape the thoughts that were a torment. He must go somewhere. But where? Home? How can he? To loving little Kitty, and break her heart by the very sight of him? To the 'chilther' who would flee at his approach? To old Aaron Brigham, that staunch, kind friend, who had built hopes as high as heaven on him? To his old companions and his new ones? How could he face them? It was impossible.

All this time the alcohol and fever in his blood are doing their foul work. His head seems as though it certainly will burst asunder. Every throb of his laboring and excited heart drives the blood to his already overheated brain, and at last he is compelled to groan long and loudly, as the only possible vent for the agony, mental and bodily, which threatens a fatal end.

On he goes with unsteady limbs, walking deviously, and yet as if for dear life, then staggering and pausing to get a little control again. And then on again, on, on—but whither? This lasts but a little while, for the fire in him is burning high, and the fuel is low for such a rate of combustion. He must have drink. The fire in his blood consumes him.

The gathering twilight plays strange tricks with his vision. The trees take awesome shapes; grinning faces jeer and mock at him from out the hedgerows. All things on which the eye looks seem instinct with life, but it is the life of hell. Unclean spirits whisper among themselves, and laugh uproariously; but make no noise. He cannot hear what they say, but he knows just as well as if he did. Yes, they are rejoicing that he is damned, and will become one of them. At this he groans and shuts his eyes, only to see them more clearly, and to realize their hideous shapes more fully than before.

How can he endure it? He must drink. Is there no house near by? Shall he never reach one? The road is getting rougher and rougher, and rises as he lifts his feet, and sinks again when he would place them down.

The moon already sometime risen, gains power on the setting of the sun, and glimmers on the surface of a weed-grown but rush-mounted pool that holds picturesque possession of an old marl pit lying open and unprotected to the road. The glimmering light attracts him. Stooping painfully to the water's edge, he bathes his burning forehead; the water is cool and pleasant, and so still!

Why not quench the fires that consume him, and hide his head from the gaze of those jeering phantoms, in those peaceful and inviting depths?

Do the thoughts of man, I wonder, leave their imprint on the things surrounding him? Had some other sorrow-haunted human soul thought these thoughts in that uncanny spot? Who can tell?

The fate, however, was not for Tom Smart. He must have a drink first, and so, slightly refreshed by the bathing of his heated brow, he once more hurried on; on, still on—but whither?

At length he saw the dim lights of a village in the darkening distance, and, of course, he knew that there he could get all he needed in the way of drink. Alas, there are but few villages in which that is not to be procured. Even where the villagers themselves would fain be rid of the evil thing, it is thrust upon them, and held there under the protection of the power and majesty of law! A village implies a 'pub.,' probably two, very likely three, often enough, four. There may possibly be no place of worship that is not held necessary. —but the public-house we have always with us to minister to the wants of man!

But, then, had he any money?

Anxiously he groped in the pockets of his trousers, though he seemed scarcely able to control his fingers, and for a while his non-success in the eager search filled him with dismay. Yes, at last. Oh!—the joy of it!—he felt a coin; alas, it was only one.

Carefully bringing it out to the light of the moon, he was overjoyed to find that it was a shilling. He wondered vaguely how that was. He had surely given up all his money into Kitty's care. That had been the rule in these later and better days; the exception was in the case of the purchase of his 'lahtie housekeeper's' boots and hats. Then he remembered. He had kept that shilling for the collection at his first Communion. It was a big sum for a laboring man like him to give, but then it was his first-fruits, and first love hath a willing heart and an open hand.

The very first house he came to was a 'pub.' There was a cluster of villagers drinking at the public bar. The time for the church service was over; and, after the worship of God had been fitly protected from rivalry and invasion, the worship of His rival had fair play. But poor Tom Smart dared not join them. Hatless and mud-covered as he was, he could not face either the looks or the questions that were sure to be levelled at him.

Fortunately, the little room at the side was empty. A feeble candle shed its dim light upon the gloom, and yet in the gloom he sat, away from the neighborhood of the slender flame. Then he knocked lightly, uncertainly, on the table, as if he shrank from summoning observant eyes. He waited what to his scorching thirst seemed a long, long time, and, in a sort of desperation born of his great necessity, he knocked more loudly with the edge of the consecrated shilling, soon to be sadly misapplied.

A girl of the house came in, in answer to his call, took the shilling from the table where he had laid it—it was a case in which 'money first' was seen to be a prudent precaution—asked him what he wanted, and disappeared. She quickly returned, set down the brandy he had ordered, together with the change, and rushed off again as rapidly as before. Evidently she was none too much pleased with this unwelcome interruption to her Sunday evening flirtation. She took no notice whatever of Tom. Why should she? He, at any rate, was glad of it.

For one moment, only one, Tom Smart held the glass between his eye and the light, then flung back his head, drained the contents at a gulp, and left, feeling himself 'another man.'

CHAPTER XXXV.

It was early on the following Tuesday, before yet the morning light had begun to creep up the eastern sky, that John Hodson, a small tenant farmer, on his way to the Hull market with a load of vegetables, met with an adventure—a thing that had not happened to him once in the twenty years during which he had regularly, twice a week, taken his load of vegetables, fruit, eggs, chickens, or whatever else was in season, into Hull, as regularly returning the same evening.

John was far more watchful travelling to market than he was in returning, and, if truth must be told, he had more than once spent the greater part of the night fast asleep in his market cart, just outside his own farmyard gate, for though his mare, which, I believe, had been travelling the road almost as long as he had, knew well enough how to get home, yet she never quite mastered the art of opening the gate. This, though I have read of its being done by an equine pet, is rather more than could be expected of an ordinary horse.

When going to market, however, John always walked partly to relieve the load, and partly to keep himself awake. Generally, he took up a position behind the spring cart, grasping the back-board and so getting a bit of a help, besides being able, if so minded—and he generally was minded—to snatch a quiet snooze, if not a full sleep, as he went on.

(To be Continued.)

Does Your Subscription Expire This Month?

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is July, it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance. When renewing, why not take advantage of the fine clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue?

Two Little Babies.

A Missionary Recitation.

Two little babies were born one day—
One in our country and one in Cathay.
To each one's mother her babe was dear,
And though one was so far and one so near,
The same kind Father in Heaven had they—
The babe in our country, and the one in Cathay.

These babies grew quickly, as babies should,
Sweet and pretty, and pure and good;
They grew into childhood day by day,
They grew into knowledge at work and at play,
And you scarcely could tell except in one way
Which grew in our country and which in Cathay.

The babies were taught very early to pray,
You know how 'tis done—'tis a mother's sweet way.
The dear name of Jesus was spoken by one;
The other head bowed to an image of stone.
And then it was easy, so easy to say
Which prayed in our country and which in Cathay.

Our Saviour has love for the babes in Cathay,
A heart full of pity for their darkened way;
He wants them to know that the God who is true,
Is living and listening to them and to you,
And is heeding the prayers of all who obey,
Whether here in our country or there in Cathay.

Now how shall we carry the tidings to-day,
The story of Jesus, to far-off Cathay?
There is only one way. Can you tell what it is,
So that all through the world the babes may be his
We must send it ourselves—and that is the way—
From the babes in our country to those in Cathay.

Our pennies will go where our love leads the way,
From the babes in our country to those in Cathay.
For pennies are needed —your pennies and mine—
To tell them of Jesus, our Saviour divine,
And thus He is sent—'tis the very best way—
From the babes in our country to those in Cathay.

—'Juvenile Missionary Herald.'

In a Railway Carriage.

(Evelyn Everett-Green, in the 'Christian Age.')

John Rudge sat in one corner of the third-class carriage, his railway ticket and his last sovereign in his purse, together with a little loose silver; all that remained of his worldly goods bestowed in a small portmanteau underneath the seat; his well-brushed and neatly-mended, but worn, suit of tweeds concealed by the warm overcoat, which was the best of such clothing as yet remained to him from the palmier days of the past.

It is not needful to give a detailed account of the series of misfortunes which had in the course of a twelvemonth brought John to this pass. Stories like his are all too common. His father had brought him up in every luxury. He had a University education and a number of expensive tastes, which he had indulged without a thought all through his budding manhood. Then came sudden misfortune—the financial crash—the death of the old man, and John found himself thrown upon the world to get a living as best he could, in a market where everything which he had to offer seemed a complete drug and glut.

So far he had kept body and soul together somehow, but nothing of a permanent description had opened, and his soul had sickened of the roar and tumult of the great city, with its grinding wheels, its cruelty, its shamelessness, its lust of gold, its greedy, unscrupulous methods. In his boyhood he had led a country life. His father had kept the old country house till the last, and John had loved it, and knew something about the practical workings of a home farm and landed property. For months he had been keeping his eyes and ears open, in the hope of hearing of some small land-agency which might give him a chance of more congenial life. As a rule, such berths were snapped up all too soon, but there seemed just a chance for him at Wavertree. The old place was remote, and an old college friend had spoken for him to the Squire, whom he was now on his way to visit.

John believed in a personal application, and it had come to this with him, that if he failed here, he would rather earn his bread by the sweat of his brow in the country than live longer as he was doing in London. He had said to himself that if nothing else offered, he would sooner break stones upon the road, with the free sky above him, his thoughts for company and his Marcus Aurelius in his pocket, than tramp the pavements from morning till night in quest of that which never came. At Oxford he had been good at his oar, and though his physical strength had suffered of late from meagre diet and lack of every exercise save that of walking, he felt that his muscles would soon recover their strength and suppleness were they given a chance. The country called him with imperative voice, and to the country he would go!

The train rushed through the golden stubble fields and the glowing autumnal woods. The sun shone with the transparent brilliancy that often bespeaks the approach of rain. John's heart swelled with thankfulness as he looked about him, calculating the miles which divided him now from London. He was alone with his thoughts, save for the presence of one stout middle-aged traveller seated at the opposite corner, buried in his newspaper, who took no manner of notice of him. There was exhilaration in the rapid movement, in the hopes he cherished of success in his quest, in the sight of all the beauty about him. This exhilaration of spirit suffered no diminution even when the sky became overcast with driving clouds from the south-west, and the rain suddenly burst forth and lashed furiously at the windows of the carriage. John pulled up his coat collar, stuck his hands into his pockets, and looked out through the level bars of slanting rain drops, thankful for the warmth and dryness of his own quarters.

The train slowed down. They were approaching a junction; the storm was still raging pitilessly as the train steamed into the station. There was no protection along the platform, and porters hurried in the waiting passengers, all equally anxious to be out of the downpour.

'Here you are, mum, plenty of room here!' and the door of the carriage was flung open, whilst a porter commenced lifting in quite a number of small, dripping children, two of them in tears, to be followed by a stout widow in rusty weeds, who sank into the seat opposite John with a gasp of weariness and relief.

The traveller in the far corner had drawn away with a snort, and had looked very much disposed to vacate the carriage, only the rain was almost too much to be lightly faced, and he had various impedimenta in the carriage with him, but he drew as far away as possible from the new influx of wet and tear-stained children, though John lifted them in one after the other, as the porter handed them to him, and settled them down in their seats with an air of friendly good-will and fellow-feeling which was not assumed. He knew what it was to be wet and cold and hungry, and to have no very certain prospect of release from these conditions. It was bad enough when one was young and strong and a man. What must it be like for a woman, and one with little children depending upon her? To be sure, there was nothing attractive about the poor mother. She was stout, and flushed, and common-place-looking to the last degree, but John did not think of that! it seemed irrelevant. He saw that she was very tired, and that tears were near her eyes. He fancied she had not long ceased to weep, and the children's faces, too, were stained with tears. The whole party carried parcels of a very nondescript character, which seemed to bespeak family treasures, and one of the little girls had a bird cage wrapped in paper, and another a basket from which a faint mewing sound proceeded. John helped to get all these packages safely bestowed in the netting or upon the vacant seats, talking kindly to the children meantime, who instantly fraternized with him, whilst the mother sat panting and exhausted in her corner, and only spoke when order had been restored and they were steaming away through the rain storm once again.

'Oh, sir, you are very kind. I'm much obliged—I really am! Such a time as we've 'ad of it. I'm fair wore out, that's what I am; and my poor 'usband not two months gone! And all these little 'uns to think for! I really thought as we'd have to take to the 'Ouse—that I did. There didn't seem no way of gettin' along. But my 'usband—'e come of well-to-do folks out Exeter way; and they've a-said as 'ow if I'd come along to them, and bring the little 'uns, they'd make a 'ome for us amongst them; and that's what we're a-doin' now. But such a business as it's a-bin you wouldn't believe! O deary me!—I don't some'ow know 'owever I've lived through it!'

John talked to her awhile about her troubles, and soothed her by his kindness of voice and manner, though it was little he said, for, once started, she seldom gave him a chance to speak. But he listened with sympathetic attention, and that was just what she most wanted, and when she had talked herself into a quieter mood, she took his advice, and settled herself for a much-needed nap, whilst he devoted himself to the children, trying to keep them from disturbing the slumbers of their tired mother.

She had held in her arms all this while a curly-headed little fellow of about two-and-a-half, who was now transferred to John's knee, and the young man wrapped him up snugly in his coat, and dried his wet tangle of curls with his own pocket-handkerchief. The children seemed to recognize a friend in him, and clustered about him eagerly, their first shyness quickly overcome, merged in the eagerness to show him the kitten and canaries, and their various treasures, which he looked at and criticized with a justness of appreciation which appealed to them at once.

They told him all about themselves, and recounted the woes of the past days with unconscious pathos. There had been so many things that must be parted with—so many friends to whom good-byes had to be said. They were like shipwrecked mariners, afloat in a great wide sea, not knowing whither they were going. Mother knew—they said—but to them all was so strange and fearsome They had no home now! That was the burden of their song. They were going somewhere; but it couldn't be home! The tears of the eldest little girl broke forth afresh. She was a more sensitive little morsel of humanity than the rest, and had a clearer apprehension of the situation, without experience to guide her as to the possibilities of the hidden future.

'Now, don't cry, Polly!' spoke John, cheerfully; 'don't you know that home is where our hearts are? You have mother and Bobby and Jenny and Daisy and Jock; and you'll see that directly you get to your journey's end you'll find that home begins to come back. It's like a spider with his web, you know. If it gets broken, and you send him scuttling away from his corner, he'll soon find another somewhere, and begin all again; and very soon his home will be just as big and as much to his liking as the last. That's how it will be with you, you'll see. As long as you're all together it's bound to be home for you.'

That was a consoling thought to little Polly, and all the children had a great many questions to ask about spiders and webs and children and homes, which John answered so much to their satisfaction that tears were soon forgotten, and smiles took their place on all the childish faces.

'Where's your home?' asked Polly, nestling up to him.

'Why, that's the funny part of it. I haven't got one either, just this minute. I'm like you—on the move. I'm on the move. I'm on the look out for another corner to spin my web in.'

'Come with us!' cried the children in chorus; 'come and live with us! Let us all

have one web! We'll all help to spin it! We'd love to have you come with us!'

John laughed, but shook his head the while. He told the children that he wanted to build his web in one particular corner, unless another spider had been before hand with him, and had taken possession first. If such a thing as that should have happened, perhaps he would look up his little new friends, who would not be so very far away, as he had ascertained, from his destination; and in any case he promised to come over and see them if possible, after they had been settled in their new quarters and had spun their web afresh. That was something for the little ones to look forward to in any case; and after talking about this and other kindred subjects, John kept them happy and quiet by telling them a story which lasted till the train drew up at the next large station.

'Anybody hungry?' asked the young man, who had noticed that eatables did not form any part of the contents of the parcels displayed to him. Polly blushed scarlet and was silent, but the younger children gave clamorous assent. John leaned out of the carriage window and gave an order, handing out half-a-crown at the same time.

He could ill afford the indulgence; but, as he reflected, if he had to take to stone-breaking, it mattered little when the experiment commenced. The children were hungry; the mother was in little better plight. A cup of hot tea would do her a world of good, and milk and buns would make the children happy for the rest of the journey. Perhaps it was the last indulgence of the kind he might ever be able to afford. The order was given and carried out, and he had the satisfaction of watching its results.

'I don't know how to thank you, sir, for all your goodness to us,' spoke the poor mother at the next stopping place, where she and her tribe alighted. They were met by a cheery-looking man, who kissed the whole party with resounding smacks, and declared that they'd be as happy as crickets once he got them safe home.

Relieved as to their future, John leaned back in his seat as the train rushed through the darkening landscape, and had dozed off himself before the next halt reminded him that his own destination had been reached.

His silent fellow-passenger got out at the same time. It was a small wayside station, and though the rain had now ceased everything looked dark and cheerless. John was not sorry to be accosted by his fellow-traveller.

'Can I put you in the way of anything, sir? Are you a stranger in these parts? There is no village very near the station.'

'So I see. I want to get to Wavertree to-night. If you could tell me the direction and distance, I should be greatly obliged.'

'I'll do more than that. I'll take you there in my trap yonder. I shall pass through, and can drop you at the inn. It's small, but comfortable, and respectable. Will that suit your ticket?'

Glad and grateful, John climbed up into the dog-cart which he thought scarcely answered to the name of a 'trap.' A man in a dark livery stood at the horse's head, and the animal bowled along at a fine pace. The miles were quickly covered. John spoke little, and his companion, who kept up his character for silence, only pointed out a few objects of interest by the way, and set him down in the heart of a little village at last, driving off in the darkness before the inn-keeper had answered the summons of the newly-arrived traveller.

A good night, a good breakfast, and a sunny morning sent John up to Wavertree Hall in cheerful spirits, though he was resolved to steel himself against despair and disappointment should his quest be unsuccessful. He had no trouble in finding the old stone house, with its home-like aspect and broad stretches of well-cultivated land around it. He seemed to be expected, and was shown into a breakfast parlor, where a cheerful fire sputtered gaily on the hearth. In a few moments the door opened, and in came the master of the house. John gave a great start of surprise. It was his fellow-traveller of the day before!

'You are Mr. Rudge, and you have come about the post of land agent. I have heard your history from Mr. Denton. Are you not too good a man for so small a post?'

John quite simply told his history and prospects.

'I should be very thankful if you would engage me, sir,' he said quite simply at the close. The Squire held out his hand.

'The place is yours, if you will take it,' he said. 'I confess when Mr. Denton wrote I thought you would be too fine a gentleman for me. But yesterday I saw you with that poor soul and her children. I tell you, sir, though I pitied her, and would have been glad to help her, I couldn't have done as you did. I admired you for it. I knew you for a really good fellow. I never supposed for a moment who it was, till you got out at Treeholm. Then I did smell a rat—expecting you to-day. You're not too fine for me, sir, and you've a good heart. The place is yours if you will take it; and I'll be glad to have you spin your web in Wavertree till something better turns up.'

He held out his hand, and John took it; there was something very like a glint of tears in his eyes.

The Bell of Justice.

It is a beautiful story that in one of the old cities of Italy the king caused a bell to be hung in a tower in one of the public squares, and called it 'the bell of justice,' and commanded that any one who had been wronged should go and ring the bell, and so call the magistrate of the city, and ask and receive justice. And when, in the course of time, the lower end of the bell-rope rotted away a wild vine was tied to it to lengthen it; and one day an old and starving horse, that had been abandoned by its owner and turned out to die, wandered to the tower, and, in trying to eat the vine, rang the bell. And the magistrate of the city, coming to see who rang the bell, found this old and starving horse; and he caused the owner of that horse, in whose service he had toiled and been worn out, to be summoned before him, and decreed that, as his poor horse had rung the bell of justice, he should have justice, and that during the remainder of the horse's life his owner should provide for him proper food and drink and stable.—Geo. T. Angell, in 'Our Dumb Animals.'

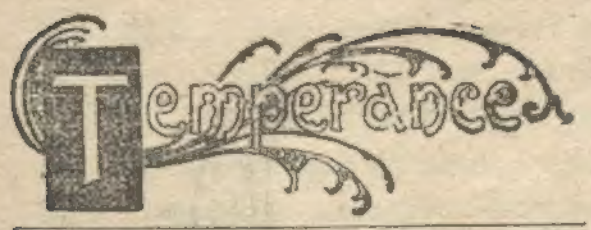
'It's Always So.'

'It's always so,' said Willie; 'It's always so!' cried May;
'It's certain to be rainy when we have a holiday!'
But thoughtful little Bessie a small sum quickly made,
And quietly the paper before the others laid.
Their holidays were reckoned since came the opening year,
And every one recounted had made it very clear
Their oft-used phrase of grumbling was in a falsehood set,
Since this, of over twenty, was the third that had been wet.

—B. E. Slade, in 'Early Days.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.



An Enterprising Sunday School Superintendent.

Mr. J. B. Green, superintendent of the M. E. Sunday School, at Opelika, Alabama, on the World's Temperance Sunday had exercises in harmony with the hour. Among other things he used the following placard with telling effect:

WANTED.

100 boys for new customers.

Most of our old customers are rapidly dropping out.

10 committed suicide last week.

20 are in jail—8 are in the chain-gang.

15 were sent to the poor-house—and one was hanged.

3 were sent to the insane asylum.

Most of the balance ain't worth fooling with—they've got no money.

We are just obliged to have new customers—fresh young blood, or we will have to shut up shop.

Don't make any difference whose boy you are—we need you.

You will be welcome.

If you once get started with us we guarantee to hold you.

Our goods are sure.

Come early—stay late.

Opelika Saloon Proprietors.

—'Lincoln Magazine.'

Alcohol Gives no Strenght.

In a discussion of the physiological bearing of the use of alcohol, G. Bunge, of Leipzig, after showing how this poison affects the system, calls attention to the fact that thousands of experiments in the case of soldiers show that in war, in peace, in all climates, all hardships of the most wearisome marches are best endured when the soldier abstains wholly from all alcoholic drinks.

These facts were verified in the English armies in Caffraria, West Africa, Canada, and India. And additional verification is the fact that thousands of sailors are not allowed to touch a drop of alcohol on board, and this in tropical, temperate, and especially in polar regions. Most whale fishers are total abstainers.

That which is true of bodily exertion is as true of mental. Alcohol strengthens no one; it simply benumbs the feelings of fatigue. The error of poor people in this regard is especially unfortunate, as they spend much for alcoholic drinks to strengthen them instead of buying rich and salutary food.

The advocate of beer claims that it is nutritious. True, beer contains a considerable quantity of hydrocarbons, dextrin, and sugar. But there is a surplus of this in food already; but there is no reason also why it should be taken in a more costly form.

It is claimed that beer and wine aid digestion, but many experiments have been made on animals and men, and especially on men, with the aid of the stomach pump, which show that moderate doses of beer and wine lengthen the time of digestion and disturb it. Direct observation on persons with stomach fistula likewise indicate the same effects. —From 'Abnormal Man,' by Dr. Macdonald, Document No. 195, U. S. Bureau of Education.

Beer Drinkers.

Dr. M. H. Parmelee, twelve years physician and surgeon in Toledo testifies:—

'When one of these apparently stalwart, beery fellows is attacked by a disorder that would not be regarded as at all dangerous in a person of ordinary constitution, or even a delicate, weekly child or woman, he is liable to drop off like an over-ripe apple from a tree. You are never sure of him a minute. He may not be dangerously sick to-day, and to-morrow be in his shroud. Most physicians, like myself, dread being called upon to take charge of a sick man who is a habitual beer drinker.'

Dr. W. T. Ridenour, surgeon in the army, fourteen years practising physician, lecturer in Toledo medical schools says:—

'I have no doubt the rapid spread of bright's disease is largely due to beer drinking. I have always believed that Bayard Taylor fell a victim to the German beer that he praised so highly. He died of Bright's disease at 50, when he should have lived, with his constitution, to a green old age. He went just as beer drinkers are going all the time and everywhere.'

We could fill pages with similar testimony. The only trouble is to know where to stop.

The sum of the testimony is that these round, fleshy, florid fellows are half dead, and from any little injury or illness liable any time to be wholly so.

If 'the weak, the nervous, and the sleepless' wish for comfort at that cost they can have it. If others choose to follow such example, there is at present no power to prevent them from doing it—nor from suffering the consequences.—'Temperance Leader.'

Temperance Teaching in Day Schools in the United Kingdom.*

(Mr. Charles Wakely, in the 'Temperance Leader and League Journal.')

This Conference has before it a double problem—How to cure, and How to prevent drunkenness. We choose, to-day, the latter for solution, and taking as our motto, 'Prevention is better than cure,'—believing that it is easier to prevent the making of many drunkards than to reform one already made, —we claim that it is desirable and possible in Day Schools to combat the theories and practices in relation to strong drink engendered by tradition, custom, and prejudice, and to teach the young the honest truth about alcohol.

You have all heard of the old Norse legend which tells how a rampant monster, otherwise uncontrollable, was bound by the united efforts of the little inhabitants of Midland. Our country has its wild beast to contend with, described by the late Duke of Albany, as 'Drink—the only terrible enemy which England has to fear.' There is hope that this enemy may be fought and conquered in the school, for, as Sir Thomas Barlow, one of His Majesty's physicians, says: 'If we can safeguard the young to the utmost and not only keep Alcohol away from them, but make them realize from early years the terrible ills that it brings to body and soul, then there may be some chance of the next generation looking at the whole subject in its true light, and our children's children may realize that abstinence is not fanaticism or asceticism, but rational self-control in respect to something which is fraught with untold risks.'

Those of us who are close and constant companions of youth know that a child receives and retains the impressions of its surroundings just as the sensitized plate of the photographer receives and retains the image cast upon it. We know, too, that in youth habits are easily—almost insensibly—formed, and, once formed, cling through life. If our children have right teaching and example in regard to the habit of drinking, and early adopt the practice of Total Abstinence, the habit will most likely become confirmed as they advance in years, and govern them till the end of their career. It is from the lack of such teaching, and the adoption of such practice in early youth that so many are, from year to year, stricken down through the power of strong drink, to become a burden and a menace to the community.

The effects of the neglect of suitable early training regarding the laws of Health and Temperance are revealed in Mr. Arnold White's book on 'Efficiency and Empire.' He says: 'In the Manchester district 11,000 men offered themselves for war service in 1899 and 1900. Of this number 8,000 were found physically unfit to carry a rifle and stand the fatigue of discipline. Of the 3,000 who were accepted, only 1,200 attained the moderate standard of muscular power and chest measurement required by the military authorities.'

The alarm arising from this and similar investigations resulted in the appointment, by His Majesty's Government, of an Inter-Departmental Committee on Physical Deterioration. This Committee sat for 26 days, and 68 professional witnesses were examined. The result of its enquiries was very remarkable, and the facts laid before the Committee led it, in summing up, to express the conviction that the abuse of alcoholic stimulants is

A Most Potent and Deadly Agent of Physical Deterioration.

Temperance reformers, generally, feel that the systematic instruction of the young in Day Schools as to the dangers attending the use of alcohol is likely to prove the easiest, cheapest, and speediest means for depriving this deadly agent of its power; and that a true system of education, comprising definite scientific teaching on the subject, is imperative, if we are to remove the prime cause of national disgrace and degradation.

So far as England is concerned, this conviction seems only very recently to have taken hold of the educational mind in high places. America, most of the Colonies, Belgium, France, Denmark, Holland, Austria, Finland, Sweden, have entered the field before us so far as Governmental enactments on the subject are concerned, and it has been left to private enterprise in our own country to provide that Temperance instruction in the Schools which it is undoubtedly the duty of the State, in the interests of its citizens, to foster and encourage.

I think I may claim that chief among the efforts to secure teaching in Day Schools as to the nature and physiological effects of alcohol have been those of the Society I represent—the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

The lecturers of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union have, during the past sixteen years, visited on an average 3,600 schools a year, and have delivered in all 57,236 lectures (or more properly, object lessons), with 6,213,177 scholars, and 207,959 teachers in attendance. Fifty per cent., or 3,136,376, of the children sent in written reports of the lectures, and upwards of forty per cent. of these received certificates, or prizes, thus showing the impressive nature of the teaching imparted.

As a result of this efficient instruction, the War Office has, in recent years, sanctioned the school lectures, and arranged for regular Temperance teaching, in all Army Schools. The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty have also granted permission for the lecturers of the Union to give the lessons on all the training ships of His Majesty's Navy.

The claim of the children to receive Temperance instruction has been fully recognized not only in the report of the Inter-Departmental Committee on Physical Deterioration, but also by the British Medical Association, whose recent Memorial, supported by the signatures of nearly 15,000 doctors and surgeons, petitioned for the teaching of Hygiene and Temperance in Day Schools. And thus has it come to be authoritatively acknowledged, though tardily, that the fate of the nation must ultimately depend upon the health, strength, and sobriety of the population, and that intoxicating drinks are a peril to the race. I think I may say, too, that it is now generally admitted that Education, apart from specific instruction as to the laws of Health and Temperance, is not sufficient to remove the drink habit, and that it is

The Birthright of every Child.

to know something of the action of alcohol and kindred drugs upon the human body. This conviction on the part of the Board of Education has been shown by the issue, in July last, of a syllabus for instruction in Temperance and Hygiene, which contains, amongst others, the following suggestions to teachers as to what they should teach the children, in connection with those subjects:

(To be continued.)

*An address delivered at a meeting of teachers and friends of education at Kendal.

Work for All.

'Tis not a single bird
That makes the forest ring;
A thousand joyous notes are heard,
A thousand warblers sing.

'Tis not a lonely flower,
Though it may glad the sight,
That makes the earth one summer bower,
All beautiful and bright.

But each thing brings its share
Amidst the mingled throng—
Some cadence or some treasure rare,
Of beauty or of song.

All have their tasks to do,
All have their work assigned,
And carry out in order true,
The plan their God designed.

The chorus grand rings forth
From things both great and small;
On the broad circle of the earth,
God giveth work for all.

—'Temp. Record.'

The Cat's Complaint.

'The family has gone to the seaside without even baiting the mousetrap for me. I'm tired of this annual starvation!'—'Good Words.'

Sir Toad's Dinner.

(By Annie Balcomb Wheeler, in 'Christian Work and Evangelist.')

Sir Toad hopped from under the woodshed, and half jumped, half tumbled upon a piece of wood so gray and moss-covered that it looked very much like Sir Toad's speckled coat. He was such a big, fat fellow, with a yellow satin vest and the brightest of eyes! He puffed and blew on the little bellows under his chin, blinked and blinked, and in a few moments closed his eyes in such a benign manner that you would say he was settling himself for a nap; but that was not his purpose at all. Sir Toad (I knighted him because I consider him the most useful of my garden folk) had come out to get his dinner; he had only to wait a while and the dinner would come to him.

When, to all appearances, Sir Toad was in the deepest of slumber, I saw him suddenly open his eyes, stretch his neck, cock his head toward a crack in the lower clapboard of the woodshed and stop breathing—at least I supposed so, for his little bellows was perfectly still. I looked down at the crack, but could see nothing, and next, out came the black head of Christopher Cricket. He looked about suspiciously to see if any enemies were near, and apparently satisfied with his survey, walked along the woodshed, chirping hoarsely. 'Take care, Christopher; you're getting into danger, you had better go the other way.'

Sir Toad gave a clumsy lurch and poor Christopher was gone Where? Straight into his lordship's stomach; but you would not have suspected it, for the next moment Sir Toad was sitting as still as could be, with closed eyes as though he had been napping all day and had never even heard of Christopher Cricket. I am really sorry when Christopher and his brothers get into trouble, for they are such cheery little fellows and do no harm to speak of; they form an important part of the orchestra that lulls me to sleep each night.

The next person to pass our way was Miss Katrina Katerpillar, dressed up in a brown plush newmarket, who wriggled herself along a blade of grass that nodded over the stick upon which Sir Toad was sitting. Sir Toad's eyes were open in a twinkling. He waited for Miss Katrina to come nearer, but she suddenly made up her mind to go another way, and fearing he should lose her, Sir Toad made a desperate grab that almost tumbled him off his perch. He did not succeed, and the second attempt was no better, for Miss Katrina was now wriggling away as fast as she could. He tried once more, but by this time the little plush newmarket was safe on the top of some ragweed. I would willingly have had her in Christopher's place, for she and her relations have been eating my lettuce all summer, eating the smaller plants until they left nothing but the naked stump. Scarcely had Miss Katrina made her escape when an ugly green worm dropped from the grape-vine, and humping

himself into half hoops, began his travels. I guess he had never heard of Sir Toad, perhaps he had left his eyeglasses at home; anyway, the silly creature humped right up to Sir Toad, who sucked him down with all possible dispatch.

During the next five minutes several more garden folk caused Sir Toad to open his 'possum' eyes. Lilly Locust whizzed by so fast that you could scarcely see her black and yellow petticoat.

For dessert Sir Toad caught a house-fly, who came just a little too near, and seemingly satisfied, he popped off the stick and ambled clumsily into some dried grass, where I afterward found him curled up into the cutest roundness among its roots.

Bird Life.

Now children we will have a nice talk about birds and learn something of the handiwork of the Great Creator, who has made so many beautiful things for our benefit and happiness. Among the many thousands of creatures and things especially designed to increase our love for the beautiful, there are two classes which to our eyes and ears seem to excel all others. The more we know about them the more interesting and useful we find them, not only as aids in the battle of life, but in cultivating and refining our minds and leading our thoughts upward to the bountiful Giver of all good. One of these things he provides in the animal kingdom and the other in the vegetable kingdom, the birds and the flowers. Many people think so much of flowers and know so little about birds, that flowers with their charming tints and fragrant odors seem to them the handsomest of all things which God has made. But when they come to open their ears to the almost celestial music of birds, and their eyes to the wonderful and delicate tinting of the feathers and the almost living hues which sparkle from their gay plumage, they of all creatures seem most beautiful and interesting. The dark bird you see on this page is the Virginia Horned Owl. Called so on account of his big ears which look much like the horns of some animals. He is the fellow that makes such a doleful noise from the great forests at night, crying out Who-o, Who-o, Who-o. He is a very large and grand bird. He is found in almost every State in the United States. There is also the Snowy Owl, so called because he

is almost as white as snow. He is also very large and a great beauty. He lives in Canada and northward from there, clear up to Greenland. Only in the coldest days of winter does he go as far south as New York, and then only for a short time, as he loves the coldest weather better than the pleasant days of spring.—'American Kindergarten.'

Adeline's New-Old Doll.

Adeline's father was poor, so poor that he could not buy his little girl a doll. This was the grief of Adeline's days. Her friend Edna owned a pretty dolly named Lillian Alice, and how Adeline did long for one too! Still, having Edna's doll sometimes to hold for a long five minutes was better than nothing, and when that pleasure was taken from her, Adeline shed many tears.

Adeline's father and mother moved away from the bare little city home into the wide country, where the father was going to work on a farm, and Edna and her beautiful doll would be seen no more.

The house to which Mr. Royce took his family was very old, and for years nobody had lived there except the squirrels, the mice, and the birds. It looked dark, dirty, and desolate, but the farmer had offered it to them rent free, and they went to work to make it as tidy and pleasant as possible. Mr. Royce patched up doors and windows, while Mrs. Royce scoured and scrubbed until it really began to look homelike.

Adeline could not do much to help, so wandered through the big, empty rooms, and finally climbed the narrow garret stairs. She was half afraid of the dusty place, where cobwebs spread over the small windows like curtains, and the dust lay thick upon everything. She peered around, however, to see if she could find anything interesting, and was surprised at the many things piled about. There were old chairs and tables and boxes, and a queer, big chest of drawers. Then she came upon something which made her cry out in delight—it was a small rocking chair that must have belonged to a child no larger than she. It seemed to be whole and strong. O, if only now she had a doll to rock to sleep in it!

She dragged it across the dusty floor till she reached the great bureau. Those brass-knobbed drawers invited her. She tugged at one till it opened. It was full of all sorts of things. She turned over rags and books and papers and boxes, peering into the deep recess to see if there was anything she wanted. Then, suddenly, as her hand parted a pile of rags, she saw—O, how could it be?—yes, it truly was—a doll.

It was not a very beautiful dolly; it was old-fashioned and worn; it had lost one of its kid fingers, and another was hanging by a thread; its dress was shabby. What did Adeline care for these things? At last she had a doll to pet, to cuddle, to dress and undress, to rock to sleep.

In a few minutes the little rocking chair had been brought down and made clean, Lillian Alice's china face had been washed—for of course it was named Lillian Alice—and Adeline was sitting out on the shady porch, with the new-old baby in her arms, the very happiest little girl in the whole town.—'Christian Standard.'

Correspondence

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been an interested reader of your paper even since I learned to read. We have taken the 'Messenger' in our Sunday school as long as I can remember. I have only missed one day from school this past winter. My orother was a school teacher, and I intend to be one also. I am in the third grade. One of my sisters (aged 12), intends to be a stenographer, but she has been home from school most of the winter with inflammatory rheumatism. I would like the girls and boys to tell what they intend to be.

FLORENCE S. STEPHENS.

[Your riddles have been asked before, Florence.—Ed.]

F. I., N'fl'd.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy thirteen years old, and am in the sixth book. I have for a pet a little snowbird. I have four sisters and no brother. My sisters and I go to Band of Hope. We had a very cold winter here, and plenty of snow and ice. I have not very far to go to school. We have a large school, which is divided into two departments, and I am in the fourth grade.

JOHN L. MOULTON.

W., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am 12 years old, and have seven brothers and three sisters. We have two sleigh dogs, named Rex and Rover; they drew us to school all winter. My brothers own a large saw mill three miles from here, and they drive home through the week. We have thirty-one horses, and a little colt named Prince.

We live on a large house-boat all summer on Lake N., near C. I will close with some riddles:

1. If an artist were painting a storm on the sea, what colors would he paint it?

2. If you were on top of a high tower, and had an umbrella, a lemon, and a goose, how would you get down?

EVA J. DARLING.

P. H., B.C.

Dear Editor,—I have two brothers, and two sisters, and live on a farm of one hundred and fifty acres. My father has about forty or forty-five acres cleared on it. There are two rivers running past here, called the North and South Lillooet rivers. My brothers fish in the Lillooet river, and have caught quite a few little fish. I tried the examination last year, and passed. My eldest brother, Charles, passed the year before me, but I got five marks more than he did. We have about thirty-two little Plymouth Rock chickens, and they are growing finely. We also have six sheep and five young lambs. It is very amusing to watch the lambs playing together, and bunting each other around. We have not had any rain for nearly a month here, and things are very dry and dusty. We have never had such a long dry spell in the spring before.

The fruit trees are all in bloom now, and look very pretty. Everything is very backward in growing this spring, on account of the long cold winter we had. We have all our crop in now, except the potatoes. I don't like the work of dropping potatoes at all, but it is not half as hard as digging them up in the fall.

MAY BLAKE.

[Your riddles have all been asked before, May. Thank you for your compliments.—Ed.]

M., P. Que.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading the letters on the Correspondence Page, and thought I would like to tell you something about this part of the country. I am fourteen years old, and live on a farm, along the shore of the river St. Lawrence. This is a very beautiful place in summer. All the ocean steamers pass up the river here when navigation is open. There are quite a number of visitors who come here to spend their summer holidays.

FLORENCE M. CAMPBELL.

T., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Four years ago we visited Montreal, Quebec, and Ottawa, and expect to go again this summer. We are going to move soon, and I am very glad. I have two dolls, a toy hen, and a great many picture books. I go to the Model school, and am getting along very fast. I think Mabel Mingle and Jean A. Blow's drawings are very good.

RICA McLEAN.

[Your answer was not quite right, Rica, although perfectly true. The riddle you ask has been given before.—Ed.]

I., Alta.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy eight years old. I am getting my sister to write this for me, as I cannot write well enough for you to read.

eW live out on Spruce Coulee, a pretty place. My baby brother and I have a good time riding our black pony. Our pet dog Nip caught a gopher the other day. We are going to have a camp meeting out here, beginning the 28th of June.

WILLIAM C. SCHAFER.

AN ALPHABET OF BIBLE NAMES.

(Sent in by Alfreda L. Roddin, C. S., N.S.)

A—was a monarch who reigned in the East. Esther i., 4.

B—was a Chaldee, who made a great feast. Daniel v., 1-4.

C—was veracious when others told lies. Num. xiii., 30-33.

D—was a woman heroic and wise. Judges iv., 4-14.

E—was a refuge where David spared Saul. I. Sam. xxiv., 1-7.

F—was a Roman accuser of Paul. Acts xxvi., 24.

G—was a garden, a frequent resort. John xviii., 1-2; Matt. xxvi., 36.

H—is a city where David held court. II. Sam. ii., 2.

I—was a mocker, a very bad boy. Genesis xxi., 9, and xvi., 15.

J—was a city, preferred as a joy. Psalm cxxxvii., 6.

K—was the father, whose son was quite tall. I. Sam. xi., 1-2.

L—was a proud one, who had a great fall. Isaiah xiv. 12.

M—was a nephew, whose uncle was good. Col. iv., 10; Acts xi., 24.

N—was a city long hid where it stood. Zeph. ii., 13.

O—was a servant, acknowledged a brother. Philemon. i., 16.

P—was a Christian greeting another. II. Tim. i., 1.

R—was a damsel who knew a man's voice. Acts xii., 13-24.

S—was a sovereign who made a good choice. I. Kings xi., 4-11.

T—was a sea-port, where preaching was long. Acts xx., 6-11.

U—was a teamster struck dead for his wrong. II. Sam. vi., 7.

V—was a cast-off and never restored. Esther i., 19.

Z—was a river with sorrow deplored. Psalm cxxxvii.

[What a splendid idea it would be on Sunday afternoon to see who can get the alphabet completed first. Anyhow, we'll have to let Alfreda know how many get it right.—Ed.]

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Leaves.' Gladys Best (aged 10), Montreal.
2. 'Deer in the Park.' Lena B. Hicks, M. S., N.B.
3. 'Washington Silver Tea Set.' Frederick Ralph Burford (aged 9), C. P., Ont.
4. 'Basket.' Myrtle Best, Montreal.
5. 'Cherries.' Hazel Murrell (aged 8), C. H., B.C.
6. 'House.' Fred McConnell, C., Ont.
7. 'Picking Flowers.' Willis H. Lough, O., Ont.

OTHER LETTERS.

Henry Schafer, I., Alta., sends a riddle that has been asked before, however.

Myrtle and Gladys Best are two little sisters who live in Montreal. They live very near their school; in fact, it is on the same street as they live on. They both sent good drawings, with their letters, and these are printed to-day.

Vera Arkett, B., Ont., says they have ten little chickens. Do you ever feed them, Vera?

Sadie H. Smith, O., Man., sends this riddle: If one man carried a bag of flour, and another carried two bags, which load would weigh the more?

E. Smith is Sadie's sister. There are four girls and three boys altogether in their family, and all were born in Ontario except the baby.

July 'Canadian Pictorial'

Truly Canadian is the July number of this progressive Canadian Monthly. The cover picture is a charming photographic study of a girl in a Western Ontario meadow, dotted with daisies. The public man featured this month is the Hon. Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, and a page of pictures illustrates the weird funeral customs which the Hindoos have brought from India to British Columbia. The new provinces' progress is shown in pictures of the great irrigation works and the kind of cattle Alberta reproduces. The Japanese Prince who is now crossing the Pacific in a British man-of-war is pictured at various places on his journey across Canada. Three pages are devoted to the Presbyterian General Assembly last month. The pick of Canadian sharpshooters are shown in a group picture taken for the 'Canadian Pictorial' just before the Bisley team sailed for England. Political friends and foes alike will be interested in the ceremony of making a Bencher of Gray's Inn of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The leading article in the woman's section is a sketch of the National Council of Women of Canada, with photographs of the Countess of Aberdeen, its founder, and Lady Edgar, its president. An anecdotal story, 'Photographing Crowned Heads,' illustrated with pictures up to the 'Pictorial's' usual high standard will be read with interest by everyone who ever handled a camera.

Ten cents a copy; one dollar a year. The Pictorial Publishing Co., 142 St. Peter street, Montreal.

HOUSEHOLD.

A Memory.

The fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere;
Like troubled spirits here and there
The firelight shadows fluttering go.
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And softly from a farther room
Comes, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.'

And somehow with that little prayer,
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thought goes back to distant years
And lingers with a dear one there;
Again I hear the child's Amen,
My mother's face comes back to me;
Crouched at her side I seem to be,
And mother holds my hand again.

Oh, for an hour in that dear place!
Oh, for the peace of that dear time!
Oh, for that childish trust sublime!
Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone—
Sweet magic of that treble tone—
And 'Now I lay me down to sleep.'

—Eugene Field.

Put Yourself in His Place.

It isn't the man who gives the largest sum of money to the poor who is the most charitable man. It isn't the woman who is the leader in all the philanthropic work of her neighborhood who is the most charitable woman. There is a charity that is so far above and beyond the mere act of giving dollars and cents that it seems almost absurd to try to speak of the two in the same paragraph.

I have known men who were liberal enough in giving money for the relief of the suffering, and yet I would be willing to take oath that they did not know what the word 'charity' meant. I have known women who were at the head of all kinds of charitable societies—missionary societies, sewing guilds, relief associations, and the like—and yet their own actions have proved that true charity was not in their hearts.

There are probably few words in the English language that are more generally misinterpreted than the word 'charity.' People in general are quite accustomed to confusing it with 'philanthropy,' and they seem to think that by giving money or time for the relief of the poor or needy they are doing all that is necessary to attain a reputation for being charitable. As a matter of fact, nothing could be further from the truth, for the genuine charity—the sort that is really kind—is that which inspires one to be merciful in his judgment of others. To aid the poor is a good thing, and a duty that should not be neglected. To care for the sick, the orphan, and the widow is another duty that should be heeded. But to be merciful in one's expressed opinions about others is by far a more charitable act.

There is probably no more difficult thing to do than to put one's self in the place of another person, especially if that other person is an individual who has done something to offend or injure you or somebody who is near and dear to you. It is hard, too, to put yourself in the place of a man who has shown himself to be a fool, or, what is even worse, a criminal—whether his offense has been against human or divine laws. It is difficult to look upon those who have been ostracized by society and think that society may be unjust and they less black than they have been painted. It is so easy to stand with the majority—to let one's voice participate in the chorus of the world's opinion. It is so hard to step out alone in the face of the multitude and insist that the world is wrong. As the result most people find it convenient to take the judgment of the majority as final, and it is a great deal easier to give a dog a bad name than to supply him with a good one. Everything runs smoothly for everybody but the unfortunate victim.

To be truly charitable, however, one must have the strength of character to face the whole world even to the point of confuting its opinions. In the eye of the world there is nothing that is commendable except success. Failure, however induced, is little less than a crime, while the most unpardonable thing about any criminal action is the misfortune of being found out.

Such injustice, of course, common as it is, runs counter to true charity. The charitable man knows that there is no crime without a motive. He realizes that man is like a machine.

To be charitable in this sense of the word is by no means the easiest thing in the world, for the man who lives up to the letter of this ideal will find himself practically alone. Debarred from association with gossip mongers, deprived of the privilege of wrecking reputations with a word, compelled to regret, not exult over, the downfall of another, he will be obliged to select his associates with care, and will find most of his satisfaction in the fact that he has succeeded in catching a faint glimpse of that immortal principle to which we refer when we speak of 'divine justice.'

Influence of a House on Health.

Size and surroundings of a house influence health. In apportioning income do not depreciate the necessity of such accommodation as shall preserve you in health.

If possible, have a good dwelling amongst self-respecting neighbors. The index to the character of many houses is seen in their back doors, and in keeping of their windows.

Fronts, trim, smart—backs neglected, dingy.

You must keep up appearances, true; but keep them up all round, and not merely for your neighbour's eyes. It means moral deterioration if a woman thinks that shabbiness and ugliness don't matter if they are out of sight.

Not only physical but moral conditions are regulated by the conditions of our homes.

Better save money by having poorer clothes and plainer living if, by so doing, you can have airy, sunny apartments, than indulge in fashionable attire, and a luxurious table at the expense of health. Sunk rooms and dark rooms are notoriously unhealthy; dark passages and dark closets soon grow close and stagnant.

Light is a great disinfector. There is a health-susetaining, spirit raising influence in light. If your house has small windows, they are better uncurtained than too much curtained. Every reader knows how musty some folks' best rooms are, where the blinds are always drawn for fear of fading the furniture. Better fade the furniture than fade yourself. There is true wisdom in the lines—

'Whene'er my heart feels drooping,
I'll go out and feel the sun.'

'Glorify the room,' said Sydney Smith—meaning that the maid should pull up the blinds.

Ministry in outlook.—We all know the difference between looking on a dead wall and the waving boughs of some beautiful tree—the chestnut, the laburnum, the lilac, It raises the spirits to look on something bright. Therefore, if the back view is gloomy, better shut it out by fancy glass, or some device that blinds it.

When you can't help small rooms, do not cram them with unnecessary furniture or by hanging up unwashable garments on every available peg. Who is not familiar with the saying, 'The room was so close I've got quite a headache.' This is only a question of hours in an unventilated room. A sailor dying in a close bunk said—'Take me on deck; let me die where I can feel the wind.' Up there he recovered. Warmth and ventilation should go hand in hand. Some of us, perhaps, remember staying in houses where the mistress had never learned how to combine the two, and we have shivered miserably by reason of cold, draughty ventilation.

Now, fresh air in a house is as essential as fresh water to a tap. Both must be brought in.

The smaller the house the more scrupulous need for cleanliness. Walls, doors, papers, tops of bookcases, tops of wardrobes, tops of doors, behind pictures—all are traps for vitiating the air. Every ornament that cannot be easily washed, and yet easily holds or accumulates dust, should be tabooed, no matter how ornamental to the eye.

All parts of a house want cleaning.

Put all dust, all vegetable refuse, on the fire. Never neglect an unusual smell. 'The house does smell stifling when you come in.' At once see to the cause of it.

If you live in a close room you are very prone to take a chill. Dr. J. B. Russell says—Liability to catch colds arise chiefly from the chronic effects of foul air, for the lungs become congested and loaded by impurities.'

Again, we cannot expect delicacy and refinement if we do not arrange the conditions for them.—'Temperance Leader and League Journal.'

Making Jellies.

Taking into account the trifling cost of jellies and their many uses, the wonder is that so little jelly is made as a part of the regular family stores. Ordinary apples, such as the farmer sells for making cider, are readily obtainable often at little more than the cost of cartage. These, when not too ripe, make a jelly fine enough for any purpose. Indeed, apple jelly has a wider range of uses than almost any jelly that is made. As an accompaniment to almost all meats, it is by many persons preferred to any other sort. It is admirable for cake, gives a keen relish to pot cheese, and with dishes of which the pricipal part is milk it imparts a flavor obtained by no other means.

Apple jelly is easily made and keeps better than most jellies, coming but slowly to the granulating process, which is the condition most to be apprehended. The apples must be quite green, but should be of good fresh flavor and rather tart. Cut them in slices or quarters, putting in cores and skins together. One may choose between putting a few apples in a kettle with a little water and adding apples as they make juice, or fill the kettle and supply sufficient water to cook the fruit. The former gives a richer, thicker juice, but the latter is quite good enough, especially if a quantity is to be made for general use. When the apple has boiled for about fifteen minutes, or until it will all crush to a pulp, pour it into a cloth and suspend it from a hook, where it will drip and not be disturbed. There are many traditional notions and facts about jelly bags, but they are of little practical value. If the pulp is carefully handled and not shaken up so as to be held in solution as it were, the juice will run very clear after the first two minutes. The first drip can be put through the bag again. As for jelly presses and weights, they are useless to the expert unless the juice is to be filtered, an operation that requires altogether too much time and patient work and care. Some of the most perfect jellies ever made were drained through a mosquito netting, and some that were so cloudy as to be worthless went through a very thick flannel bag.

The juice is measured and put into a preserving kettle or saucepan as soon as it runs through the bag. Apple jelly is specially economical because it takes less sugar than any other sort. Instead of a pint of juice and one pound of sugar, three pints of juice and two pounds of sugar answer very well, and if the apples are what they should be, half a pound of sugar to a pint of juice does admirably. Indeed, one jelly maker never uses more than this proportion for any of her apple, quince or ripe grape jellies.

Just how long jelly must boil is a debatable point. So much depends upon the condition of the fruit that no arbitrary rule can be laid down. The more watery the juice, the longer it takes to evaporate it. It will not set until a certain amount of water has been disposed of.

Selected Recipes.

ORANGE SALAD.—Peel eight or nine oranges, and remove all seeds and every particle of yellow skin; divide into small bits and mix with nearly as much crisp celery finely cut; lay this on lettuce leaves, and pour over it a large spoonful of salad dressing made from the following rule: Salad Dressing.—Beat lightly the yolks of three eggs, and add one half teaspoonful each of salt and mustard, and one teaspoonful of sugar; beat again very lightly, then add slowly four tablespoonfuls of melted butter and six tablespoonfuls of vinegar; cook in a double boiler until it is like custard, and when ready to remove from the stove, add the well beaten whites of the eggs; before serving and when perfectly cold, add a cupful of whipped cream. This dressing will keep a week before the whipped cream is added.

PLAIN CAKE.—Sift two cupfuls flour with one and a half teaspoonfuls baking powder for a plain cake; stir one heaping tablespoonful butter with one cupful powdered sugar to a cream; add two eggs, one at a time, stirring a few minutes between each addition; flavor with half teaspoonful grated nutmeg; add last alternately the flour and three-quarters cupful milk; stir just long enough till the flour is mixed with the other ingredients. Butter a cake mould and dust with flour or bread crumbs; pour in the mixture and bake in a slow oven till done.

When a cake is required in a hurry, try this recipe. The cake can be prepared, baked and on the table in half an hour if necessary. Sift a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder into a cupful of flour. Cream a cupful of sugar and a tablespoonful of butter, add the flour, one-third cupful of milk and a teaspoonful of vanilla or any other flavoring that is desired. Beat quickly and thoroughly for five minutes, turn into two shallow tins, well-greased, and bake in a hot oven.—'Catholic News.'

God's Plan.

O mothers, lonely in your house to-day,
From whence the voice of glad young life has flown,
Where joy once reigned, sits silence cold and gray,
The children now have dear homes of their own.

That this might come to us one day we knew,
For always, ere the frost has kissed the flowers,
The full-fledged birdlings from the home-nest flew;
But ah, the autumn seemed so far from ours!

And not for us the hope the fond birds share,
That brings them hastening over hill and plain
To build and rear anew with tend'rest care;
For never may we build and rear again.

But would we keep our dear ones, though we might?
Nay, mother hearts, not self-love do we know;
When once they prove their strong young wings in flight,
We hide our tears, and, smiling, bid them go.

Some day, perhaps, when little fingers twine
In clinging trustfulness about our own.
And eyes so strangely like to yours and mine
Look up with loving glances we have known.

With joy we'll clasp the precious thing and say
This is reward for all our loss and pain;
This is God's plan, that haply thus we may,
Through children's children, build and rear again.

—Helen Marquis.

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That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find;
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Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.

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